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Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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which seemed fully aware that I was watching it. Remaining for a time motionless, it would then stealthily advance an inch or two, like a cat after a mouse, sometimes changing its colour. It thus proceeded, till having gained a deeper part, it darted away, leaving a dusky train of ink to hide the hole into which it had crawled."

When Darwin was hunting for sea creatures, with his head bent low over the rocks by the sea-shore, he says he was often greeted by a jet of water, and at the same time he heard a little grating noise. At first he could not think what it was, but afterwards he found out that it was an Octopus, which in this way, though hidden in a hole, often led Darwin to its discovery.

Not only does the Octopus possess the power of shooting out water in this way, but Darwin believed that it actually took aim by pointing the tube or syphon, which is on the under side of its body, and from which the water comes.

Near our shores an Octopus of large size is very seldom found, the arms are generally only about two feet in length, and the body is about as big as a lemon. In warmer seas however, such as the Mediterranean, they are found with arms double that length, and as you can imagine, are quite dangerous creatures to meet with when one is bathing. The biggest of all, however, are found off the coast of South America, though Darwin does not tell us that he saw any of extraordinary size there.

The eggs of the Octopus are grouped together on a stalk in a large bunch, and the mother Octopus watches over them with the greatest care for the fifty days which have to pass before the little ones come out. She does not hatch them as a hen does, but washes them well so as to prevent any little animals growing on them. She does not allow the father Octopus to come near her eggs, but guards them jealously herself, only leaving them occasionally for a very short time to seek for food. In appearance the eggs are like grains of rice; and when they burst a tiny Octopus rushes out and begins to play and to use his funnel at once.

Altogether the Octopus is well worthy of study, both for the sake of its interesting habits and very queer appearance. I wish I could give you a picture of one here, but you will find a good one in any large book of Natural History.

A CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER.

1st.—All Saints' Day. Collect, Epistle, Gospel.
2nd.
3rd.
4th.—St. Carlo Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, died A.D. 1584. Read—

"His life reads like one long conflict with opposition to his measures of reform. The governors of Milan, jealous of his influence, disputed his jurisdiction, misrepresented him to their sovereign or calumniated him to the Pope. The clergy, unwilling to change their scandalous modes of life, defied his authority to interfere with their houses. If he strove to lessen the evils of the Carnival, or correct the abuse of Lent, or visit a collegiate church, or supervise a hospital, he was sure to arouse a storm, involving appeals to Pope and King, with tedious negotiations or vexatious misrepresentations, painfully distressing to so sincere a nature, but which, nevertheless, invariably ended in the justification of the Archbishop. His heart was so unselfish, his motive so pure, and his aim so high, that he went straight on to his goal in total scorn of human praise or blame, resenting nothing for himself, but deeply pitying the misguided souls, who sought to thwart what he believed to be the will of God and their own salvation."—*Como and Italian Lake-Land*, by T. W. M. Lund, M.A.

Mendelssohn died 1847. Play his—

"O rest in the Lord."

5th.
6th.—St. Leonard A.D. 559. Add verse to hymn as above—

Praise we for kindly Leonard, the modest cheerful saint,
Who visited the captive and heard the prisoner's plaint,
Whose intercession often gained release from slavery,
His soul sustained by Him who said "Ye did it unto me."

7th.
8th.—John Milton died A.D. 1674. Read—

"Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God; to walk
As in his presence; ever to observe
His providence; and on Him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And, to the faithful, death the gate of life;
Taught this by His example, whom I now

Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."
To whom thus also the angel last replied :
"This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom : hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of the world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire ; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable ; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come, call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest ; then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee happier far"—*Paradise Lost. Book XII.*

9th.

10th.—Oliver Goldsmith born, 1728. Read his lines—

"Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy ?
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land."

And remainder of passage from line 251 to 302 of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village.* "It is not possible to put the statements these fifty-two lines contain into better English, nor to invalidate one syllable of the statements they contain."—John Ruskin in "*Val D'Arno.*"

11th.—St. Martin's Day, A.D. 332. Read—

"The especial character of St. Martin is a serene and meek charity to all creatures. He is not a preaching saint—still less a persecuting one : not even an anxious one. Of his prayers we hear little—of his wishes, nothing. What he does always, is merely the right thing at the right moment ; rightness and kindness being in his mind one : an extremely exemplary saint, to my notion."—John Ruskin in "*Bible of Amicus.*"

12th.

13th.

14th.

15th.

16th.—John Bright born 1811. Read—

On one occasion, when speaking of Ireland, he lifted a House of Commons debate out of the dust with these noble words :—"I imagine that there will come a time in the history of the world when men will be astonished that Catholics and Protestants have had so much animosity against, and suspicion of, each other. I accept the belief in a grand passage, which I once met with in the writings of the illustrious founder of the colony of Pennsylvania. He says that 'The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious and devout souls are everywhere of one religion, and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers.' Now, may I ask the House to act in this spirit, and then our work will be easy. The noble Lord, towards the conclusion of his speech, spoke of the cloud which rests at present over Ireland. It is a dark and heavy cloud, and its darkness extends over the feelings of men in all parts of the British Empire. But there is a consolation which we may all take to ourselves. An inspired king and bard and prophet has left us words, which are not only the expression of a fact, but which we may take as the utterance of a prophecy. He says, 'To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.' Let us try in this matter to be upright. Let us try to be just. That cloud will be dispelled. The dangers which surround us will vanish, and we may yet have the happiness of leaving to our children the heritage of an honourable citizenship in a united and prosperous Empire."—"*John Bright,*" by John Page Hopps.

17th.—St. Hilda's Death-day, A.D. 680. Add verse to hymn as above.

Praise for the prudent Hilda, of Whitby, abbess wise,
Because the Holy Scriptures were precious in her eyes :
She banished all things evil, and cherished all things fair,
Advised, assisted, comforted, and wonders wrought by prayer.

18th. Duke of Wellington's funeral, 1852. Read the whole of Tennyson's "*Ode*" or only—

"O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great world victor's victor will be seen no more."

* * * * *

"He is gone who seem'd so great.—
Gone : but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, or we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown

Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down.
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him."

19th. St. Elizabeth of Hungary, A.D. 1220. Read—
ELIZ. "Let be, beloved--
I will taste somewhat this same poverty--
Try these temptations, grudges, gnawing shames
For which 'tis blamed; how probe an unfelt evil?
Would'st be the poor man's friend? Must freeze with him—
Test sleepless hunger—let thy crippled back
Ache o'er the endless furrow; how was He,
The blessed One, made perfect? Why, by grief—
The fellowship of voluntary grief—
He read the tear-stained book of poor men's souls,
As I must learn to read it. Lady! Lady!
Wear but one robe the less—forego one meal—
And thou shalt taste the core of many tales
Which now flit past thee, like a minstrel's songs,
The sweeter for their sadness."
The Saint's Tragedy," by Chas. Kingsley.

20th.
21st.
22nd. St. Cecilia. Add verse to hymn as above.
Praise too for Saint Cecilia, who gained the martyr's palm,
Whose soul was filled with music, who sang the heavenly psalm:
Through organ pipes she poured forth that flood of harmony
Which rose above all earthly sounds and joined her soul to Thee.
23rd. St. Clement. Read Epistle to Philippians iv.
24th.
25th. St. Catherine of Alexandria. Add verse to hymn as above.
Praise for the wise St. Catherine, the grave and learned maid,
The scholar, queen, and martyr; of tyrants not afraid.
Grant us her love of knowledge, in these calm peaceful days,
And with the wise in heart may we, shew forth thy constant praise.
26th. Wm. Cowper, born 1731. Sing or say one of his hymns.
"Sometimes a light surprises," &c.
or "What various hindrances we meet."
27th.
28th.
29th.
30th. St. Andrew's Day. Collect, Epistle, and Gospel. See printed hymn.

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—You must all look as soon as possible at my next letter to you in the December *Parents' Review*. I intend to tell you about all the delightful work I am preparing for you for next year. I want us to have a cot in a children's hospital, and the kind secretary has promised, if we can raise the necessary money, to let us know each month who has been in the cot, and where the child comes from, and how she or he is improving. But all the particulars I will give next month. Several children now wish to join the sewing club, and dress dolls, so I will begin a new class for them in January.

I shall also start a Little Workers' Society, which obliges each member to make two garments in the year for poor children. One of them will be sent to the East End; but the other can be given by the worker to a poor child she knows personally.

Do you not think Auntie Mai finds you plenty of work to do?

Your loving
AUNTIE MAI.

OUR LITTLE COOKS.

Hugh's Biscuits.—Four ozs. flour; 4 ozs. sifted sugar; 1½ ozs. butter; half-a-teaspoonful of baking powder; 1 egg.

Mix the flour and sugar together, and rub into this the butter; add the powder and a well-beaten egg. Roll out the paste, cut it into different shapes, and bake in a quick oven.

Chocolate Cream.—One bar chocolate; ½ pint of milk; 1 table-spoonful of corn flour; 1 dessert-spoonful of sugar.

Break the chocolate into small pieces, and soak it in the milk. Put the corn flour into a cup, and mix well with a little milk; then add the chocolate and milk, and sugar, and boil for ten minutes, and pour into a wet mould

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CHILDREN'S GARDENS.—NOVEMBER.

If this month is fair and open it is a good time to transplant shrubs and fruit-trees. They get well established before Spring, and ought to bear well next season.